OUR PILGRIM FOREFATHERS

THANKSGIVING STUDIES

BY

LOVEDAY A. NELSON

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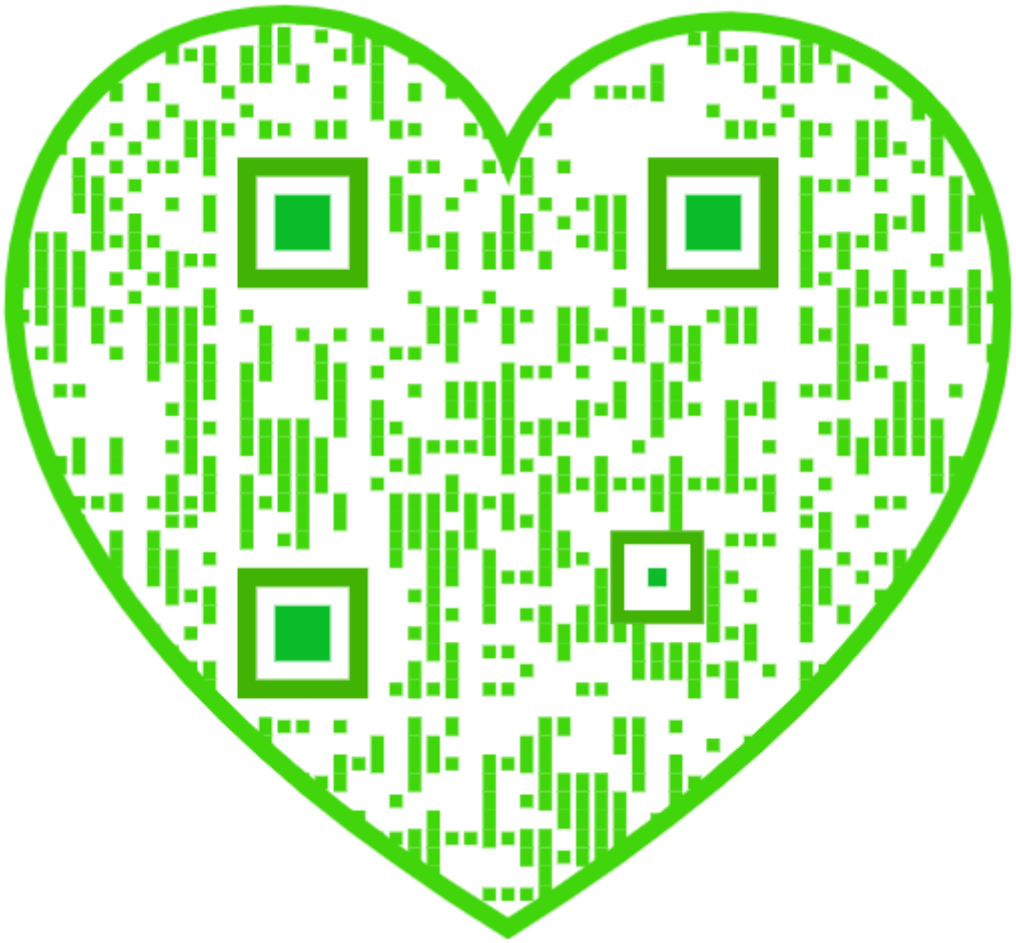

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OUR PILGRIM FOREFATHERS

THANKSGIVING STUDIES

You often hear people talking of the President of our country. Doubtless most of you know him by name. Some of you may have seen him.

You also know that once in every four years we have an election day, when papa votes for the man whom he thinks best for President. Then the one who gets the most votes becomes our President for four years.

If this man makes a good President, he is sometimes chosen again for another four years, or term, as we call it. But if he has not pleased the people, they choose some one else, anybody else, next election day. We never know who will be our next President until he is elected. One term he is a man from one part of the country; the next term he may be one from a far distant part. In our country we think that this way is best.

It is not so in every country. In some countries,

instead of a president there is a king, who expects to be king as long as he lives. At his death his son becomes the king. If the king happens to be a good one, it is well for the country and for the people; but if he chances to be a wicked, cruel one, the poor people have a sorry time as long as he lives.

When Sunday comes, John goes with his mamma and papa to the Methodist Church. Perhaps Mary goes with her parents to the Baptist. Gretchen may prefer to go to the Lutheran Church, and Margaret to the Roman Catholic. In our country we think this quite right. We like to see people going to the church that helps them most.

As it costs much money to build churches and pay the preachers, people must give money or there can be no churches. John may want to give his pennies to the Methodist Church or Sunday-school. Mary would rather give hers to the Baptist. Gretchen's money is given to the Lutheran, and Margaret's to the Roman Catholic. In our country we think this, too, quite right. No one forces us to give money to any church. When we have any to give, we may do with it as we choose.

Neither is this true in all countries. In some lands where there are kings instead of presidents, the kings have sometimes said that all the people must go to a certain church, and that they must pay that church money. Some of the kings have forbidden the people to have any other churches.

Sometimes there have been people who loved another church which they were unwilling to give up. Sometimes there have been kings who have put these people in prison and done other harsh things in trying to force them to worship God according to the king's will.

We shall learn of some unhappy people who lived in a country ruled at times by just such hard-hearted kings. When we know of some of the troubles and great hardships through which they passed in trying to pray to God and serve him as they thought right, we shall surely love them and always remember their noble deeds.

These people lived far across the Atlantic Ocean, in a country called England, where the king and all the people speak the English language. We learned our English from them.

CHILDREN OF CHARLES I

Look at the picture (Children of Charles I.) of these three children with their pet dog. You can tell that the dog is their playfellow and that he loves them, by the way he has taken his place at their side, and by the loving, trustful manner in which he looks up into the face of the boy whose hand rests on his

head. The baby (Baby Stuart), whose picture alone you often see, and whom you hear called "Baby Stuart," clasps a big red apple in his chubby hands.

These things would make us think that these are ordinary children, just like you, with a love for fun and frolic, and an eye for bright things and a taste for goodies.

Let us look at their clothes. This picture is a copy of a fine painting in rich colors. If we could go to the big gallery where the painting hangs, we should see that Mary, the sister, is dressed in beautiful white satin; Charles, the elder brother, has on an elegant scarlet gown; while the dear little baby, James, wears a dainty blue gown. The quaint, rich dresses of stiff, costly goods, covered with fine needle-work, would convince us that these are not ordinary children. Indeed, they are the children of a great king.

Charles and Mary and James lived three hundred years ago. Their grandfather had been King of England, and then their father was king. Next Charles ruled his country, and finally James.

Their grandfather was one of the kings who tried to force all of the people to go to one church and to give their money to no other. He forbade them to

have a church of their own, and treated pretty roughly those who would not obey him.

In one part of England there were a number of people who did not like the church of the king's choice, and were set on having one that suited their way of thinking. They had heard of another country, just a little way across a small sea, where people might go to any church that they liked. So they left their good farms and fled from England to this other country, called Holland, the home of the Dutch*

Here everything seemed very strange to them. There were no high hills in Holland. The land was low, as the land sometimes is beside the creek or down by the pond. In some places it was so low that the sea came right up into some of the streets, and when the people wished to leave their houses they had to go down the street in row-boats. Of course, the little children in those houses could not go out to play, for there were no yards and the streets were full of water.

* The people of Holland are called Dutch, but you must not confuse them with the Germans, whom some persons call Dutch by mistake. The people of Germany speak German, which is quite different from Dutch, the language of Holland.

Most of you boys have sometimes made little dams, to dam up water along the ditch or slough. That is what these Dutch people did. They built dams (or dikes, as they called them) to keep the water off the land, so that they might have farms and cities.

Now the English who had come to Holland, having left their farms and made new homes in a Dutch city, found themselves without a way to make a living. The Dutch neighbors all around them were great workers. They worked steadily, and they worked hard. The men all had some business or trade to keep them busy. The women were fine housekeepers and kept their houses clean and neat as a pin. They were all careful and saving, and had ways of using many things which some people throw away as useless.

When the English people had looked around, and saw how things were, they made up their minds that they must learn to work like the Dutch. Therefore, they learned to spin wool into thread and yarn, to weave cloth, to twist twine, to make rope, hats and pipes, to build houses of either brick or lumber, and to make tables, chairs and other pieces of furniture.

These are only a few of the things that the English learned of the Dutch.

The English children saw much to interest them in their queer new home. No doubt it seemed to them a funny, funny place, with its low houses with little window panes, its giant wind-mills scattered all around the country, its odd dog carts, and its comical little girls and boys. (1068. Girl with Cat.) This picture shows us that the little girls wore long dresses, and caps with curious ornaments on the sides of their heads. Like most of the people in that country, this little maid wore wooden shoes. These she hung up in an orderly manner every night, and she always scrubbed them well on Saturday.

The Dutch children were very kind to the little English boys and girls, and, you may be sure, played with them whenever they had a chance. What do you think the stranger children learned from their new playmates? They soon learned to talk in Dutch, and to act like their Dutch comrades.

The English fathers and mothers did not like that. They still loved England, and English ways, and the English language. Their love for their old home country made them grieve to see their children for-

getting it. Therefore, they began to think of moving again. They said to themselves: "We can not stay here any longer. Before long our children and grandchildren will be like the Dutch. Our young men and young women will be marrying the Dutch. We must go somewhere else, where we can stay always and still be Englishmen."

Long before this, people had sailed across the Atlantic Ocean to this country which we now call America. Those who stayed here wrote letters home, and those who went back told their friends of this vast country, with miles and miles of good rich lands. They told of the great woods, of the high mountains and wide rivers, of the plentiful supply of wild berries and nuts, and of the fish, wild ducks, rabbits, and deer that could be used for food.

Only Indians had been living here up to that time. These red men wandered about from place to place, stopping when they pleased, now here, now there, wherever they could find plenty to eat for a time. When they came to a place where they wished to camp, they would cut some poles, stand them up, and cover them with skins to form tents. This picture of a Comanche Indian Camp (1343) shows how an

Indian village looks. The Arapahoe Indian Camp (1342) gives a nearer view of one of the tents, and we can see how the skins are pieced together and stretched to make a covering.

COMANCHE INDIAN CAMP

In both pictures are shown some of the Indians themselves wrapped in their blankets. In the second picture at the opening of the tent we see a little Indian child with no blanket on. A short distance

ARAPAHOE INDIAN CAMP

away there is a fresh skin hung over a pole to dry.

The English people in Holland had heard that in this great country there was plenty of room, with no cruel kings. They thought that if they could only get here they could build themselves houses, and have a church to suit them, and pray and live as they thought right. Every day they thought more and

more how much better it would be if they could come to this new country and have a home of their own.

Although they did not have much money, they managed finally to get two ships in which to sail

DEPARTURE OF THE PILGRIMS FROM DELFT HAVEN

across the ocean to America. And here you see a picture of the Pilgrims, as these people have ever since been called, starting for their new home. (1331. C. Departure of the Pilgrims from Delft Haven,

1620. Cope.) The quaint houses, row-boats, and great wind-mills give you an idea of what Holland is like. Lying in the harbor is one of the waiting ships. Because the water is not deep enough, she can not come close to the shore; so a row-boat must take the people out to her. A boat full is now ready to be pushed off.

All can not go this time. Some must stay in Holland. The people on the shore have brought their dear Bible with them and at this moment are kneeling in prayer, doubtless asking God to care for their friends and relatives and lead them safely across the deep waters.

In the picture called "Embarkation of the Pilgrims" (1331. Weir) we see that the Pilgrims now aboard, starting off, also have the Bible with them, and that there are prayers upon their lips as they leave the people who have been so kind to them and the little country that has given them a quiet home so long.

After they had started out the Pilgrims found that one of their ships, called the Speedwell, was not strong enough for so long and dangerous a voyage. They sailed into an English harbor, and tried to have

EMBARKATION OF THE PILGRIMS

the ship put in order. But they found she could not be made sound. So all that could crowded into the other ship, the Mayflower, and the rest of the band had to be left in England.

It was not until September that the Pilgrims were really on their way. Although it was later in the season than they had wished to start, and they knew that many storms were likely to come upon them,

nevertheless, they sailed off in the Mayflower with brave and cheerful hearts.

For about two months—long, long months—they sailed, sailed, sailed, with nothing in sight but water, water, water, water. The weather was growing colder; there were sometimes storms, and the people were very uncomfortable. Some of them fell ill. One man died.

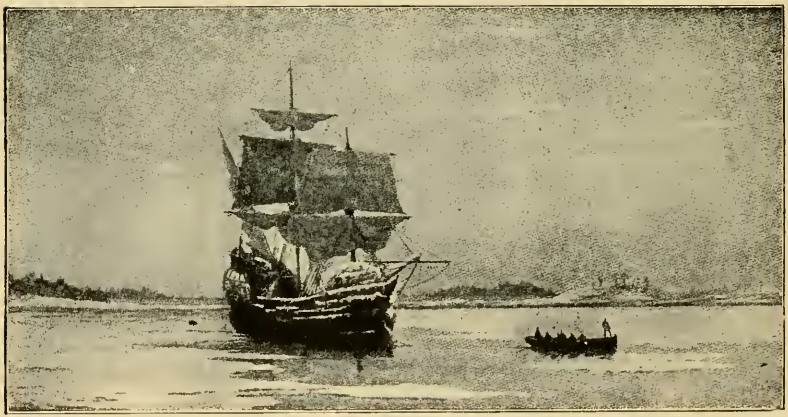
They were so crowded in the cabins that they suffered for want of air. They did not have water enough to keep their clothes and themselves clean. There was not room for the children to run about in their play, as they liked to do, and the long, tiresome voyage was hard for them to bear.

One day, when the ship was in mid ocean, a new baby, whom the Pilgrims called Oceanus, came. Now they had something to interest them. Doubtless they loved him instantly, liked to peep into his little red face at every chance, were glad to hold him when they might, and talked with one another about him.

Finally, late in November, the Mayflower came in sight of land. There had been more and more sickness among the Pilgrims, and the weather was stormy

and cold. They were miserable on the ship, and yet on land they would be more miserable still. There were no houses, no place for them to go. What were the poor wanderers to do?

The Mayflower sailed as near to the shore as she



THE MAYFLOWER IN PLYMOUTH HARBOR

could get, as we see her in this picture (1331. B. The Mayflower in Plymouth Harbor), while a party of men went ashore to hunt a good landing place. They wanted to find a neighborhood where there was a spring of fresh water, plenty of trees that might be chopped down for the building of houses, and open

fields where grain might be raised. It took them several weeks to find such a place.

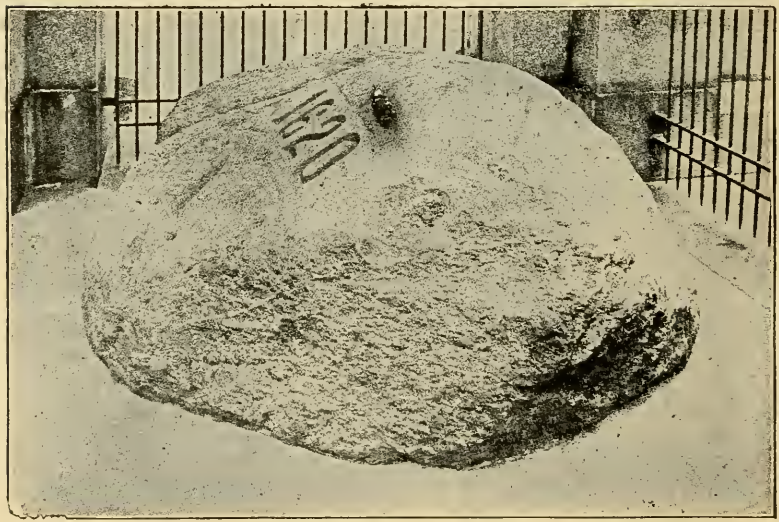
One day, while wandering around, they came to a spot where something had been buried. Digging down, they found some maize, or Indian corn, which had been hidden there. Although they had caught fish along the shore, and had shot game in the woods, the food that they brought to America with them was fast being eaten up. So they looked upon this maize as a treasure. The finders promptly decided to carry it to the ship and pay the owner when they should find him.

It was almost Christmas before the Pilgrims decided on the spot to begin their new home, which was to be called Plymouth. The men all went to work, chopping down trees and shaping logs for a building in which all could live together until they could build more houses. When this was ready, just a few days before Christmas, they brought the women and children ashore.

In this picture (1332. Landing of the Pilgrims) one painter has shown us what kind of a day he thought it was. The skies are dark, the wind is blowing hard, and the waves are rough. The men

pull the boat close to a rock, and hold her steady while the wanderers step upon it.

This rock has ever since been called Plymouth Rock, and it has been kept and carefully guarded through all the many, many years that have passed since the Pilgrims first stepped upon it. Here is a picture of the actual rock, which we all love so well. (1333. Plymouth Rock.) So many thoughtless people broke off bits for keepsakes that it was necessary to build an iron railing around it so that it could



PLYMOUTH ROCK

not be reached. That has been taken away now. If you some day have a chance to visit Plymouth, you will see that a fine marble arch has been built over it.

Now came many troubles and hardships. The

MILES STANDISH AND HIS SOLDIERS

weather was bitterly cold, and the Pilgrims were without comfortable homes in which to keep warm. They had not enough of the right kind of food. So many of them were sick that the second house which

was put up was needed for a hospital. Then there were the Indians, of whom they stood in constant fear.

The men chose for their captain the brave Miles Standish, who had proved himself a good soldier and captain while in Holland. He drilled them so that they might be ready to fight the red men if necessary.

A friendly young Indian named Hobomok came to live with the Pilgrims. As he knew all about the Indians and the country, he was of great help to them. (1340. Miles Standish and His Soldiers.) Here you see Captain Standish and some of his soldiers following the faithful Hobomok, who is showing them the way.

As they never knew what moment the Indians would come upon them, even when they went to church the Pilgrims carried their guns. (1339. Pilgrims Going to Church.) A fine picture showing a group on the way to church, has been painted for us. You see a copy of it here. The man in the long gown and carrying a Bible, is the elder who will lead the services. Several others have their Bibles in their hands, but the men all carry guns. When they reach the meeting-house the guns will be kept close at hand.

The same artist has painted another picture showing us that even when a young man takes his sweetheart to meeting, he must have his gun upon his shoulder (1337. John Alden and Priscilla), while she carries her Bible.

Have you noticed that in all of the pictures in which it has been possible to put a Bible, the differ-

PILGRIMS GOING TO CHURCH

ent painters have given the Book a prominent place? Do you understand why? Because the noble Pilgrims had great love for God. They lived a life of loyal trust in him. Not only on Sundays, but every day they loved to read the Bible and pray. And so that they might pray to God and serve him as they wished they gave up kind friends and comfortable

homes and risked their very lives. We should not think a picture of our Pilgrim forefathers good unless it made us think as soon as we saw it of this part of their lives.

One hundred and two Pilgrims had come to America on the Mayflower. By spring half of the little band had died. The first to go was the beautiful young wife of Captain Standish. Another and another followed. Little Oceanus and his mother both died. There were so many sick that at one time there were only seven who were able to wait upon the others. For fear that the Indians would find out how small their number was becoming, when the Pilgrims buried those who died, they would not make mounds above the graves, but smoothed them over.

In April the Mayflower set sail for England. Now was a chance for the people to go back to their old home. How many do you think wished to go? In spite of all the trials and sorrows which they had seen, in spite of the hard times that would surely come to them in this new country, not one sailed in the Mayflower except the sailors who manned the ship!

Still, the sailing of the ship made the Pilgrims

think of the many loved ones across the water, and without doubt they watched with sorrowful faces and weeping eyes, as long as the Mayflower could

PILGRIM EXILES.

be seen. (1334. Departure of the Mayflower. Bayes.)

The Pilgrims had learned how to manage farm lands, and how to support their families in a large city. Now they had to lead a new and quite different

life in a wild, strange land. It was well for them, indeed, that among their Indian neighbors there were some who were willing to be their friends. These friendly red men understood life in the wilds, and showed the white people how to make snow-shoes, moccasins, canoes, and other useful articles. From the Indians the white men also learned how to catch eels and how to trap animals. When planting time came, it was a friendly Indian named Squanto who showed them how to plant their maize and tend it so as to get good crops.

Their peas and some of their other crops did not do so very well the first season; but in the autumn it was found that there was a fine harvest of maize. This filled their hearts with joy.

While living in Holland the Pilgrims had seen the Dutch keep a Thanksgiving day every autumn. The people of Plymouth thought that after their crops had been gathered and their hard work was finished for the season, it would be a good thing for them to have a time of joy and thanksgiving. So Governor Bradford sent out a company of men to shoot wild turkeys and other game, and the women set to work to cook all sorts of good things, so that

they might feast and frolic for a week. He sent an invitation to the Indian neighbors to enjoy the fun with them.

Wishing to show their good will, and to help with the Thanksgiving feast, the Indian guests went into the woods and killed for the table five deer and much other game. As the Pilgrims had not yet become skilled enough hunters to get much large game, they were very grateful for this present from their friends.

About ninety Indians came with their chief. They stayed for three days. The time was passed in wrestling, shooting at marks, and in other sports. By the time the party was over there was a better feeling between the reds and the whites, and it seemed that they might afterward live in peace.

By the end of a year the people had built seven houses for homes, and four other buildings for the use of all. But their worries and sufferings were by no means ended. Other ships came from England with many people but no food. The Pilgrims could not raise enough grain to make bread for all.

There were plenty of fish, clams, oysters, and lobsters in the sea; and wild grapes, plums, and berries

in the woods. Yet during the next two years the people of Plymouth sometimes could scarcely keep from starving. For four months, at one time, they lived almost entirely upon sea food. Only once in a while could they find some nuts or shoot some game in the woods.

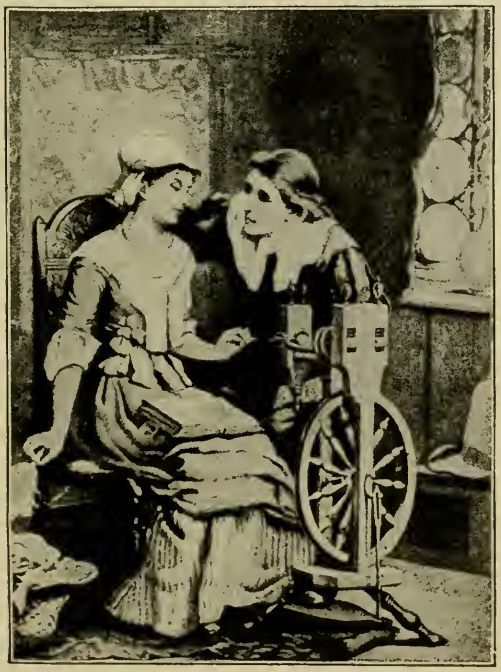
During those trying days all that the Pilgrims had learned in Holland helped them a great deal. When they reached this country, before they could do anything else, they needed to make tool handles and get their tools ready for work.

The ship was small and crowded, and so it was not possible to bring all the furniture and the hundreds of articles, both little and large, which they would really need. They had to make not only their houses, but all these other things as quickly as possible. There were no mills, no stores, no shops; they could not run down town to get every little thing needed.

Finally their clothes began to wear out. What could they do? In Holland they had learned from the Dutch women to raise flax and spin it into beautiful even threads, and later to weave these threads into good linen cloth. (The Spinner. Maes.) So now the Pilgrims raised flax and sheep, and in the

winter time, when there was not much other work to do, the women busied themselves spinning flax and wool into thread and yarn, which they dyed themselves. This thread and yarn they wove into cloth and knit up into warm stockings and mittens.

(3298. Priscilla Spinning. Barse.) In this picture we see a Puritan maiden sitting near the cozy



PRISCILLA SPINNING

fireplace, spinning with a spinning wheel which she runs with her foot. She has her Bible in her lap, probably so that she may once in a while read a verse or two to be thinking about as she works.

Thus we might talk on and on, without being able to tell all about the Pilgrim forefathers and foremothers and what we owe them. Stories and poems have been written about them, and artists of many countries have painted us beautiful pictures of them. We can not look over the books in any good library without finding much about the brave and upright, God-loving Pilgrims. We can not go into any of the large galleries where hang rows and rows of fine paintings, and not see pictures of Pilgrim scenes. As you grow older you will hear more and more of them.

Some day you may be able to go to Plymouth, the very town which these brave people began to build almost three hundred years ago. There you will have pointed out to you the very Plymouth Rock on which they landed; perhaps you will visit Burial Hill, where sleep their noble dead; you will see the first street laid out, the spot where the first house was built, and the monument erected to the Pilgrims'

memory. The townspeople will take pride in telling you how long it took to build the marble giant, and how much money it cost.

They will direct you to Pilgrim Hall, which is filled with things which were once used by the Pilgrims, or have something to do with them. Here you may see among other things a chest and a chair which once belonged to Elder Brewster, whose black-gowned figure we see in so many pictures, Governor Carver's chair, a dinner pot, and the sword of Miles Standish. Here, too, hang a number of the Pilgrim pictures, which our country wishes to keep forever, if possible.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

Take plenty of time. The first of November is none too soon to begin.

Tell a little each day, showing but one picture at one lesson (excepting pictures which are in some way closely related; as, for instance, the Comanche and the Arapahoe Indian Camps, which are but different views of everyday Indian life).

When a point which can be illustrated has been made, show the picture. In getting out of the picture what she can for the children, each teacher must use her own good judgment considering the grade and general intelligence of her class.

After it has been handled to the best possible advantage, hang the picture low on the wall, where it will be convenient for the pupils to look at it at odd times. When another has been introduced, hang it near. By the time the story is ended, the entire series will be on display.

Encourage pupils to look at them before sessions, at intermissions, and at other chance times. They will do it; and without the class restraint, will examine them together, and will give the teacher opportunities to talk with them in small groups. In this way, the children may be led to form the beginning of worthy acquaintances. When later and in other places they come across these same pictures, their faces will light up as at sight of old friends.

After the story has been well told in parts, tell or read it as a whole at least once,— twice or thrice is better.

As, in both content and vocabulary, there is much in the story that is new for ordinary public school little ones, it is more profitable for teachers, especially of the lowest primary grades, to use the time in repeating the story over and over, until the tale and the expressions have been caught, before demanding much oral reproduction in class. If the child is attracted, it will without conscious effort absorb, and more will come from the work than is in evidence in the schoolroom.

As to the pictures,— so that they are good copies, it matters not whence they come. Among those which I am using are some sent out with Sunday city papers, educational and other publications, a few magazine illustrations, and the Perry pictures. Numbers in this work refer to the Perry catalogue.

Gray is a serviceable color, does no violence to the eyes, and brings out the tones well. For these reasons, gray cardboard makes a good mounting.

PPL